

The COLLEGIATE COLUMBIA BASIN COLLEGE

PASCO, WASHINGTON

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1963

Student Body to Incorporate in 1964



TEST: Throw physics to the dogs, I'll have none of it.

BY JEFFERY ROMANELLI
Collegiate Staff Writer

The CBC Associated Student Body has announced that it wants to become incorporated under Washington state non-profit laws.

"The reason we want to become incorporated," ASB President Gary Starkey said, "is because the ASB will become one whole unit rather than spread out individuals which the organization is now."

THE PROPOSED incorporation of the ASB would be categorized under Washington State laws dealing with nonprofit corporations and association.

Chapter 24.04.080 of the Revised Code of Washington says that the powers of the non-profit corporation are: "it can sue or be sued in court . . . may purchase, hold and convey real property . . . may demand assessments of members and sell or forfeit their interests in the corporation for default with respect to the by-laws, may enter into lawful contracts . . . may borrow money and issue notes and may mortgage its property."

"If the ASB were sued," Starkey said, "the party suing us could sue each ASB member individually for the desired sum whether that member had part in the incident or not. There hasn't been any special events that brought this about—just anticipation."

"Under our present ASB system we cannot raise money as a group for the student union building we are planning. We could raise and build the student union building as individuals but we could also be liable for any accident."

THREE CHANGES are necessary in the ASB for legal incorporation:

1. Complete revision of the ASB Constitution according to the nonprofit corporation laws.

2. Designation of a board of trustees for the corporation.

3. Filing with the county auditor and Secretary of Washington State within two to six months before the end of the year.

Starkey said the present constitutional revision committee, with Charles Andersen as chairman, would have until late March to form the necessary amendments and changes.

THE REASON March has been set as the deadline is that the members must meet and approve the corporations constitution and that within two to six months after the constitution is accepted new officers or trustees must be elected. If the timing is right, the revised constitution will be approved by student body members in early March. When the articles of incorporation are filed with the state secretary, the ASB must have the election within six months of that date and not less than two. The articles being registered in early April will give the ASB the necessary two months to allow regular elections to be held in early June. Thereafter elections for the following years will proceed in the normal fashion with the officers holding their usual yearly terms.

"Our constitution won't vary greatly from its present form," Starkey said. "What will be generally required is the changing of the term 'officer' to 'trustee' and an inclusion of some of the points in the law which our constitution does not now contain."

DR. DONALD T. Rippey, college president, said: "Incorporation of the ASB might strengthen our position making us a legal entity. Then too, incorporation is just good business policy. The action will have to be approved by the Pasco School Board. Mr. Hansen and I have agreed that the ASB should hire an attorney to assist them in their decisions."

Edward McKinley, Pasco attorney, gave the ASB some advice on incorporation in a special ASB meeting held last Friday. Mr. Hansen, ASB advisor, said he would like to see Mr. McKinley further counsel the ASB.

May Buy Blue Blazers

Purchase of 25 the ASB head-

at Wednesday.

the blazers ble for use by or club rep- school at any

mittee spokes-

ughlin, stated

ld be Colum-

standard color a

little darker than the CBC color on letter sweaters. He said other schools that had been contacted were satisfied with their ASB purchase of blazers for school functions.

Opposing this proposal, Frosh Class President Felix Vargas said that 25 blazers a year meant a \$750 expenditure on the part of the student body. He claimed the plan far too expensive.

Vargas offered an alternative—that the individual student using the blazer pay half the cost, with the ASB paying the other half of the bill. At the end of the year the blazer would belong to the student.

NO FINAL vote has been taken on the increasingly complex problem of purchasing school blazers.

Also during the meeting it was announced that the Circle K club would sponsor an ugly man contest beginning January 17. The contestants would be chosen by individual clubs and the winner would be announced at a pep assembly January 31.

November

Oct. 31, 1963 Bank Balance	\$15,179.72
NOVEMBER EXPENDITURES	
No. 150 A. S. B.	\$112.12
No. 151 Office and Sundry	87.00
No. 152 Library	29.84
No. 180 Freshman	6.03
No. 181 Sophomore	299.86
No. 200 A. W. S.	5.91
No. 201 Basin Mid-Management	193.16
No. 205 Debate	727.40
No. 207 Tech. Tron	162.25
No. 211 S. N. E. A.	52.04
No. 212 Talons	74.75
No. 214 Young Democrats	68.84
No. 216 Drama	19.51
No. 217 Swans	90.00
No. 219 Rodeo Club	30.00
No. 260 Baseball	94.77
No. 261 Basketball	435.62
No. 262 Football	3,320.12
No. 266 Track	70.47

Financial

No. 331 Collegiate	83.15
No. 340 A. S. B. Council	234.55
No. 341 Cheer and Songleaders	174.50
No. 346 Lecture Series	504.77
No. 347 Misc. Activities	2.00
No. 348 Orientation Day	16.78
No. 370 Student Loans	1,792.47
No. 391 Vending Machines	478.82
No. 404 Women's Hockey	202.00
TOTAL EXPENDITURES	\$9,330.73
NOVEMBER RECEIPTS	
No. 262 Football Return	1,022.00
No. 266 Track Return	10.50
No. 201 Basin Mid-Management	243.88
No. 211 S. N. E. A.	57.00
No. 214 Young Democrats	28.40
No. 217 Swans	38.70
No. 205 Debate	10.00
No. 349 Stan White's Sci.	4.53
No. 404 Women's Hockey	54.21
No. 210 Ski Club	55.00

Statement

No. 152 Library	48.05
No. 200 A. W. S.	8.60
No. 262 Football Ads	145.36
No. 331 Collegiate	54.51
No. 370 Loans	1,378.20
No. 371 Interest	42.50
No. 392 Vending Machines	617.07
TOTAL NOVEMBER RECEIPTS	\$3,818.51
October 30th Bank Balance	\$15,179.72
November Expenditures	9,330.73
November Receipts	3,818.51
November Bank Balance	\$9,667.50
December 10th Bank Balance	\$5,833.89
A. S. B. SCHOLARSHIP FUND	
October 30th Bank Balance	\$3,775.92
November Disbursements	4,700.00
(94 scholarships for Fall Quarter)	
November Receipts:	\$4,909.97
November 30th Bank Balance	\$3,985.89

Faculty Association Protest Group

from the Faculty Association has been set up letter to protest a memo published by the State Education containing proposed revisions of the for community college instructors in the State

last Thursday, the association adopted a resolution of protest be written to the State Superintendent.

at, Dr. Donald T. Rippey, suggested that the channeled through Dr. James Thrasher, Pasco ndent.

said that one of the objections to the proposed community college instructors seeking certification would have to be recommended by the local

basic idea behind the changes is good," Dr.

CBC COLLEGIATE

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La Dolce Vita

Now that winter is upon us and the holiday drivers are splashing up and down the parking lots, the less hardy CBC-ites are clustering into the lounge to shuffle up and down the halls in an aimless daze. If the seekers of warmth happen to have flat feet or corns they forsake their endless physical wandering for an intellectual quest into worlds beyond.

The Flying Dutchman might well have shanghied his crew from the mob of lounge rats, who, although physically inadequate, are intellectually well prepared.

However, there is no hope of ever clearing the dregs of college life from the bottom of the academic wine barrel.

The army won't take them because they lack the basic trait needed to build fighting men, blood lust. NASA doesn't want them; they have enough wanderers. The mental institutions and rest homes for depressives are already overcrowded. The WACs say they haven't enough fortitude to make good soldiers and the AMA disclaims all credit for their presence. They're too conformist to make good liberals and too liberal to make good John Birchers.

Perhaps the physical wanderers could have baskets clipped to their backs in which messages could be dropped. As they wandered to and fro like the tides of the ocean, they would eventually deposit their notes on the correct beach.

The process of muscle atrophy will soon close in on the mental meanderers. When they are too weak to move their limbs, however, their jaw muscles will dominate their bodies—built up in the process of eating and talking.

When the custodians sweep them away they will have to be wary of their murderous mastoids.

CBC Cyclones Elect First President, Jones

The CBC Cyclones, a campus rodeo club, was recently organized, and Jim Jones was elected president.

The main objective of the club is to promote an interest in horses and develop skill in rodeo performance.

FOR THEIR first project, the Cyclones plan an after-game dance in January.

The members are now training for the intercollegiate rodeo to be held in the spring. They also plan to sponsor a rodeo in the Tri-City area this school year. Students participating must have a two point average for the quarter.

WHEN SCHOOL is not in session, college students particip-

ating in rodeos belong to the National Rodeo Association. While in school the students belong to the National Inter-Collegiate Rodeo Association.

Most members of the CBC rodeo club have their own horses, but this is not a prerequisite for membership.

The Cyclones meet on campus Wednesdays at 10 a. m. in Room C-19. All interested students are welcome to attend.

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**Collegiate
Presents
Lit. Edition**

By JOHN DeYONGE

Collegiate Advisor

Today's Collegiate offers the students, faculty and administration of Columbia Basin College a modest Christmas gift, a literary edition.

The four-page insert, with artwork by Art Chapman and short stories by Eleanor Spadafore, Robert Vinson and James Green, represents the staff's first effort at producing a literary publication.

The paper's editorial board is awarding to Mrs. Spadafore, a night-school student, the \$15 first prize in The Collegiate's first literary contest for her "Grace for the Governor."

THE SECOND and third prizes of \$10 and \$5 were not awarded because the editorial board did not deem other entries in prose and poetry polished enough for inclusion.

The unrewarded prize money will be used to increase money awards for the next Collegiate literary edition, due at the end of this quarter. Details about that contest will be announced next month.

Because one story does not an edition make, staff members, after the rejection of most contest entries, competed among themselves with stories. From these, I chose the works by Mr. Vinson and Mr. Green for inclusion. Neither, of course, is eligible for prize money.

This first offering the staff humbly hopes will be the beginning of many more and certainly larger editions.

**Loungites
Have Only
9 Sq. Ft.**

As one views the student lounge at any time from 9 a. m. to 3:30 p. m., he is likely to see nothing but a mass of human figures crowded around playing cards, eating, sleeping or just talking.

Each student at CBC has nine square feet of floor space on which to sit, stand, or whatever, but the tables, chairs and things take up the room so that any attempt to cross is like trying to run through a brick wall.

Tables lucky enough to not have books piled on them are destined to be heaped with dirty dishes that have the habit of falling off and breaking, which adds to the danger of walking on the floor until it is

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IN R



St. John 3:16

CHAPMAN '63

Grace For The Governor

(Copyright, 1963, Collegiate)

BY ELEANOR SPADAFORE

General Hospital had seldom seen anyone battle death to a last-ditch stand the way the governor was doing. Each time he emerged briefly from gray billows of unconsciousness, he rallied with a mighty surge of energy. The governor always had been one to follow through, and he'd be damned if he'd go down for the count now, with his fight just begun.

The nurses' dresses whispered in and out of the room, as the undulating fog brought consciousness again. A smooth hand felt for his pulse. The round coldness of the stethoscope was against his chest again. That meant the doctor was back. The governor made an effort to move his arm. Through half-closed lids the outline of a bottle of plasma floated above him. He let his arm lie still. The governor was pleased. They were making every effort. Strength soon would flow back into his veins. He could wait. The fog rolled in again and obliterated the room and everyone in it.

DR. HASTINGS let the stethoscope fall back against his chest as he straightened to face his chief of staff. Dr. Williams, somber and concerned, looked at him inquiringly. The younger man shook his head. "The heart remains so weak. I don't see how he makes these brief rallies." He picked up the patient's chart and crossed to Dr. Williams with it.

The older man scrutinized it carefully, "Hmm. Ten days now since the accident. But instead of gaining, he is losing slowly, isn't he?"

"That's about the size of it. He lost so much blood before he went into surgery for the head wound. Rightly he shouldn't be alive at all."

"Quite a fighter, the governor. Although I don't agree with his views, I give him credit for that. Apparently that's what has carried him this far, just plain fightability."

Dr. Hastings spoke to the special nurse. "Miss Lewis, continue with the plasma. And get some IV's going. We still aren't holding our own."

MISS LEWIS moved with routine competence to follow the instructions.

The fog continued to undulate and drift. Even the hum of voices faded away.

The bottle was elevated and the tubes attached to the patient's arm. Miss Lewis' hand again groped for the pulse, her eyes checking the watch on her wrist. She felt for the pulse, then felt again. Letting the governor's hand fall back on the sheet, she stepped quickly to the door. "Dr. Hastings! Come quickly!"

There was nothing more they could do for the governor. Dr. Hastings pulled a sheet over the governor's face and made routine entries on the chart.

THE FOG billowed and drifted. The governor felt himself moving through it. Funny, the sensations you experienced when you were lying still in bed. The gentle, rocking motion continued, and the governor became conscious of sounds about him. He lay quite still, exulting in the new strength he felt flowing through him.

Strange that he still felt himself being moved along. Maybe he really was moving. Maybe they had decided to take him back to X-ray for more pictures. The governor's hand moved tentatively up to his head. Yes, the bandage was there. He had undergone extensive surgery after they brought him in from the tangled mass of his automobile. He wondered whether his chauffeur had made it. How about the people in the other car? He didn't know.

The morning after the surgery he had been better and even asked the doctor a few questions. Since then, though, it had been a battle, seemingly a losing one. Well, here he was. He would soon be able to resume his activities as governor of his state. Then he remembered. For a fleeting time the civil rights battle had slipped from his mind. Now it was all before him again. That is why he fought so hard against death. He had his campaign all laid out. He couldn't leave now, not until he won this battle.

THE MOTION stopped, and the governor opened his eyes. He was in a strange room, if you could call it a room. It was more like a long corridor. Along the sides were various groupings of furniture and people, like way-stations as far as you could see. Each grouping had a desk, behind which a man sat, and a number of benches grouped around it. Some of the way-stations were quite full; others had only a smattering of people on the benches.

This was the strangest-looking place the governor had ever seen. He sat up on the rolling hospital couch. When his strength had started to return he had certainly regained it in a hurry.

He actually felt good enough to get up and walk.

Two men approached him. They were dressed in loosely-fitting robes a little like those in the picture of the Century monks he had seen. One of them spoke to him in the morning," he said, smiling. "You may get down off if you wish. You're quite strong now."

LIKEABLE CHAP, the governor thought. He returned a smile, at the same time nimbly leaping down to the floor. Amazing! He didn't feel a bit of the weakness or dizziness he would have expected. He turned to the men.

"Just what am I supposed to do here? Now that you've let's get on with it. I have a campaign waiting."

"Let's move over to the desk so you can register," the first man spoke again.

"I'm sure that was all taken care of when they brought me." The governor was feeling just a shade impatient.

"Oh, you're just being admitted now." They were both looking toward one of the desks as they talked.

The other man shot the governor a quizzical glance. "You aren't in the hospital, you know."

"I'M NOT? Then where the devil am I, may I ask?" The governor stopped short and turned to face the men. When he saw no immediate reply, the governor turned toward the other end of the corridor and gave the whole set-up a close look. He saw all the people waiting, including himself, were dressed alike. Their long, loose-fitting garments were belted at the waist. They all wore sandals on their feet.

A crazy thought occurred to him. "I'm not—am I?" he asked, facing the two men. "—oh, come on, now. Is this some kind of joke?"

The first man spoke again. "No joke, governor. Your funeral was yesterday. We've had such a rush of funerals today that we were a little slow calling you in for registration."

THEY PROPELLED him along to the nearest desk. A friendly-looking man greeted them. "Just sit down for a few minutes. I'm getting caught up and will be with you directly."

For a short time the governor sat stunned. What was he going to do? His wonderful plans, all formulated and ready to go, one to carry them out. He had been on his way to the lieutenant-governor when the accident had happened. It had been his plan to lay the whole thing out for the lieutenant-governor, so they could work together on the thing.

Somebody had to make a stand, and by Jupiter, it was the man to do it. The do-gooders and ignorant ninnies could holler their heads off for civil rights. He had to show how he could protect his native state. But he hadn't had time to show the lieutenant-governor. The younger man would have to turn, now that he had stepped into bigger shoes.

Why, he had figured the whole thing down to the ground. He could keep the schools segregated, keep the objectionable people out of public places which their superior people controlled, control the housing situation, keep the colored vote at bay, and do it all within the law. It had taken him time to formulate it.

WHEN THE FULL importance of the situation finally dawned on the governor fairly exploded. "Look here!" He was on his feet, talking loudly. "I want to talk to the person in charge. I'm ready to be dead. I mean—there is something I have to say."

The two men tried to reason with him, and finally the governor turned to the desk clerk. "He's all yours, Mac." They turned and went down the hall to meet a couple of new-comers being brought in on hospital carts.

The desk clerk listened to the governor for a few minutes, idly tapping his pencil on the desk pad.

"You won't find it so bad, governor. What's this about going back?"

"It isn't for myself. It's for my state, my people. There's some way I can have a little extension—just a little more time." He was almost pleading.

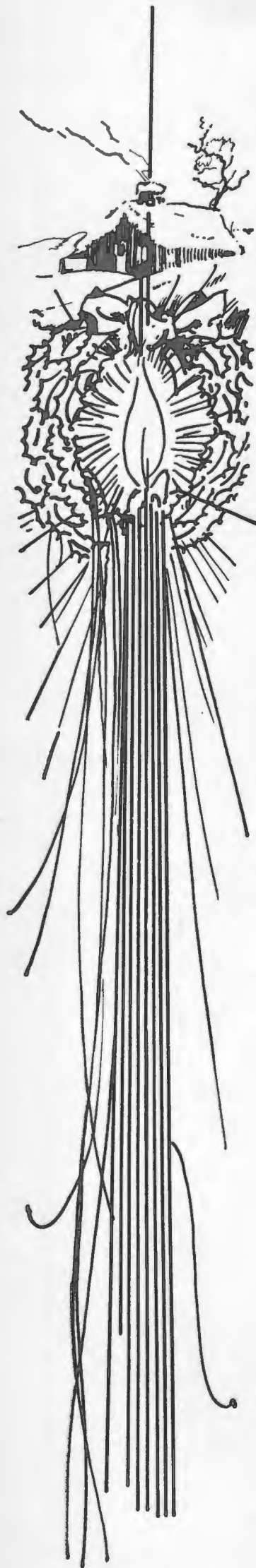
THE DESK CLERK eyed him thoughtfully. "You know, there are rare occasions when that is allowed. I don't know if you would meet the requirements."

The governor was excited. "Let me try for it. Grant me a little extension. All my life has been spent for the public good. Isn't anything I'm asking for myself?"

"It won't hurt to try. But, mind you, I can't promise anything." He pressed a button on the desk.

A door far down the corridor slid open. In a moment a jitney rolled through the opening and approached the desk. The man at the wheel spoke. "Requesting a little extension?"

(Continued on page C)



(Continued from page B)

man at the desk nodded.
 "I won't get many of these. Probably because they usually
 get down anyway. Well, hop on."

The governor swung up beside him, and the jitney took
 him the corridor and through the sliding doors.

HE PASSED down another corridor, this one flooded with
 light. It was devoid of furniture or people. At the far end
 he stopped his vehicle, dismounted and knocked on a
 door. The governor stepped down beside him.

"In." The voice sounded muffled through the heavy
 door. The jitney driver opened the door and ushered the governor

into the room. The man behind the pretentious desk was looking through a
 paper. He glanced up. "Sit down. I'll be with you in

a minute. It was time to note the surroundings. The governor ob-
 served that although the room was without windows, there was
 a bright sky-light which occupied the entire ceiling. This
 was extremely high. Two of the walls were completely
 covered with file cabinets stacked to a tremendous height. Lib-
 rary ladders slid along them on tracks. Aside from the
 desks and the massive desk, the furniture consisted of
 chairs for callers, the one behind the desk, and a peculiar
 machine not unlike a short-wave radio.

MAN at the desk laid aside the folder. "All right, now.
 What do I do for you?"

"I thought you knew. I want an extension." The governor
 kept the impatience from his voice.

"Yes. I suppose it is to finish your fight on this civil
 case." He tapped the folder on his desk, and shot a
 glance in the governor's direction.

"Right. Just a little time is all I need."

"This is an awkward situation. You see, there is a new
 man in your state now."

"That's right! But don't forget he was my lieutenant-
 last week, and we two worked hand-in-glove."

"We couldn't send you back on an extension as governor.
 Went back, it would have to be as someone else. Would
 you any good?"

"Would I have as much intelligence and reasoning power?"

"Indeed. This has been done a few times. We have to

find a man just about due to come here
 from another state, one who is willing to make a loan of his body
 to the state. We have to be very careful. It must
 be with no family or close ties. We can't always swing

you try?"

"How long a time do you need?"

"A few months would help. But I'd sure like to see this
 man through to the end."

"What would that be?"

"How long? Could I have ten years?"

MAN gave a low whistle. "Ten years!" He thought a
 moment. "You may not have looked into every angle of this.
 The governor before. Life might not be as pleasant, going
 to someone less important."

"Right. I can still put my ideas across. I'll find a
 man acquainted with the people in government and lend

him any danger that what looks right to you from the
 chair might look different from some other walk of

life. I know when I'm right."

"Give me a minute." The man arose and moved toward
 the back of the room. Adjusting a head-set over
 his ears, he seated himself and began to manipulate the dials.
 His reply to his questions would crackle over the
 machine request here." He paused. "Do any of you
 want to be willing to register here as usual, but to loan his
 name for ten years? Yes. You heard correctly. Ten years."

There was a little pause, then a crackling over the wires.
 The man at the desk replied. "We can't use a man with
 any close ties." Another voice broke in with a
 question. The man at the desk countered, "How about his in-
 fluence? No. He won't do. The man must have had at least
 some influence or people will wonder." He laughed a little.
 "We can't use a woman this time." He turned another
 dial. "Have you to offer there. Male, age 38, intelligent?
 More like it. And he's willing? You're sure we can
 use him? Thanks a million."

The man at the desk reached off the machine and replaced the head-set. When
 he came back to the desk he remained standing. "Well, I guess
 you're fixed up if you're sure you want to go through

What do I do?"

"Oh. Nothing consciously. Your name will be Norman Wells.
 The real Norman Wells is hospitalized in your home town. His
 life is slipping away right now. Jim here," he indicated the
 jitney driver, "will take care of everything for you."

"Let's go," said the governor.

"Just a minute. You're sure you want ten years?"

"I'm sure. And thanks a lot."

"If you go back for ten, you have to stay for ten. This Nor-
 man Wells is a common laborer, but intelligent. If you get tired
 of the same old job, perhaps you can better yourself."

The governor chuckled. "He won't be a common laborer
 long. You can't keep a good man down."

"I hope not." The man turned back to his desk and busied
 himself with a sheaf of papers.

Just as the governor was about to leave the room with Jim,
 the man at the desk spoke again. "Oh. Just so you'll be sure
 who you are—" he smiled, "or were, you'll wake up with the
 same bandage you are wearing on your head now. The scar will
 stay with you. Good luck."

NORMAN WELLS began to rally. In a few days he had
 longer spells of consciousness, and even took a little food by
 mouth. The doctors called his recovery phenomenal. He had
 been given up as dead for a few brief moments last week. He
 was still completely swathed in bandages, except for his face.
 The turban-type dressing on his head was top-heavy when he
 tried to raise himself on one elbow.

Norman Wells lay back and smiled to himself. It wouldn't
 be long now. He would have to start making plans to get his
 ideas across to the new governor. If he told what had actually
 happened, they'd have him thrown in the booby-hatch for sure.
 But the plan would stand on its own merits. As soon as these
 bandages were off his hands, he'd look through Norman Wells'
 personal effects, find out just where he worked, his place of
 lodging, things like that. Not that he would have the same job
 very long.

Common laborer indeed! He'd have a few things to report
 when he went back to register after his ten years. It just went
 to show you that the missing ingredient was often ambition. Two
 men with equal intelligence, one the governor and one a common
 laborer.

THE NURSE rustled in. "Well, good morning. Aren't you
 looking fine today?"

"I feel like I could use a shave."

"That's always one of the best signs." She spoke as she
 stuck a thermometer under his tongue. "We'll see about having
 someone come in to shave you."

When the thermometer had been read and dropped into its
 little bottle on the shelf, he spoke to her again. "These burns—
 pretty extensive, huh?"

"Quite. You're lucky though. You're alive. And your face
 didn't get it."

His face. Funny. He hadn't been curious to know what this
 fellow was going to look like. Now he wondered. Norman Wells
 was a bit younger than the governor had been. Well, well. Ten
 years' reprieve and youth besides. He was suddenly very curious.

"Nurse, you say my face didn't get it—burned, that is. I'd
 feel better if I could see for myself."

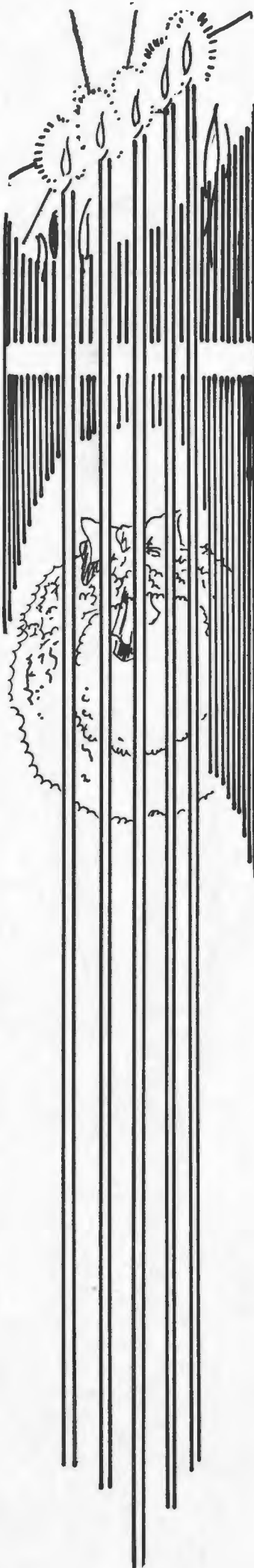
"Of course." She reached in the bedside table and withdrew
 a hand mirror. "Here." The nurse held it at such an angle
 that he could see his face, mounted by the white bandage.

NORMAN WELLS gave one look at his image. Then he be-
 gan to sob. "No! Not ten years! Take me back! No! No! No!"

It took the nurse and three doctors half an hour to get the
 patient into a strait jacket and wheeled safely to the maximum
 security room at the end of the hall.

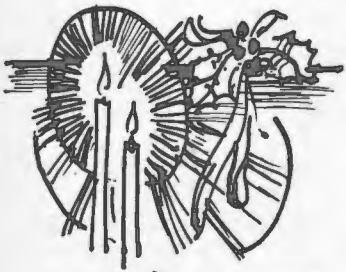
She was back at the desk shortly after, filling out the neces-
 sary forms. "You haven't had a break all morning, Kathy. Can
 I finish that for you?" The head nurse reached for the sheet.

"I'd really appreciate it. I need a cup of coffee." Kathy
 handed the sheet to her. "Just put, 'Norman Wells, age 38, sex:
 male; race: Negro'."



The Day Before, The Day Before

(Copyright, 1963, Collegiate)



BY ROBERT VINSON

Lennie lived in a small flat next to Mrs. Kurphy's Grog Shop. He had a table and a chair and a bed with denim sheets and a tattered army blanket. He also had cold floors, two pairs of blue jeans, a dirty sweat shirt, and six dollars.

In all his life Lennie never had more than fifteen dollars at one time. Six dollars represented 40 percent of his wealthiest day.

"I'm gonna buy me a girl . . . a girl . . . a girl . . ."

With the money in his pocket Lennie charged into his great world.

"HELLO Mr. Finkbinner. I'm gonna buy me a girl."

"That's fine Lennie," said Mr. Finkbinner, the clothes man who was secretly rich on the stock market.

Lennie walked on through the used-up snow that lined the street.

"Hey Lennie, whereya gon?"

"Hi Max." Max was a small man with a limp. He ran the poolroom down the block from Lennie's place.

"I'm gonna buy me a girl."

"No foolin'," said Max.

"YEA. I got six dollars."

Then for the first time Lennie remembered the bragging of the neighborhood sharpies about the fortunes they spent on their steady girls. "Max, do ya think 'at's . . . ah . . . ah . . ."

"Oh, hell yes," said Max.

"That 'snuff for two."

Lennie was relieved. His dream had been retrieved from the brink of disaster. "Gee, thanks Max." He went on down the street, a cavalier in search of his maid.

"HEY TONI, where can I buy me a girl?"

Toni looked up from her work at the counter of Toni's Fine Foods. "Lo Lennie. Where can you what?" She and Lennie had been friends since Lennie was thirteen. She was a worn-out woman who had spent her life in what Lennie's mother once had described as a "wanton and wicked debauch."

"Why do you want a girl?" she asked.

"Well . . . gee, everybody has one but me. And besides, since mama went away I get lonely sometimes. Want some nice, soft, pre'y-smellin' girl."

"You can't buy that kind of girl, Lennie."

LENNIE was shocked. "I can so if I want. Johnny said that he went to a place where they sold him a real good girl."

He was defiant. His best friend was trying to trick him out of his girl!

"I don't think that Johnny was talking about the same kind of girl that you're talking about. He meant a hooker."

"That's what Ma said you were. What's a hooker, Toni?"

"I'll tell you it's not the kind of girl that you want."

"I don't care what you say. I'm gonna buy me a girl."

LENNIE walked on down the street repeating his chant to the time of his footsteps.

Pretty soon he came to the place that Johnny had told him about. It was a battered hotel with a fancy sign covered with Old English letters and fancy scroll work. The sign was so well kept and bright that it looked just painted.

Lennie went up the steps and crept into the lobby. The desk clerk glanced at him and asked, "Whatchawan?"

"I wanna buy a girl."

"How old are you, kid?"

"Twenty-two," said Lennie.

"How much money you got?"

"Six dollars. I wanna buy a girl," repeated Lennie.

THE CLERK peered at him as his thin fingers drummed on the top of the counter.

"I'll tell you what, for six dollars I'll give you Bonnie. Hey Bonnie!" Bonnie shuffled out from the room behind the clerk. "I got one for ya."

"That's not the kind of girl I want," said Lennie as he looked at the aged, tired face and pale quivering lips. She had a wart on her nose.

"That's all I got right now, kid. Take it or leave it."

"I WANNA buy a girl!" shouted Lennie. "I wanna buy a girl! Johnny said I could get me a girl!"

"Shut up, kid, or I'll beat your head in."

"I wanna buy a girl!"

The clerk reached under the counter and then his arm flashed through the air.

LENNIE woke up in the alley. His six dollars was gone. He got up and started walking home, stopping outside Toni's place. Holding his broken head in his hands, he looked through the big front window. Three of the guys were sitting inside talking and laughing with their girls.

"I wanna buy a girl," whispered Lennie.

He turned and stumbled off down the street alone.

Christmas Geese

(Copyright, 1963, Collegiate)

By JAMES GREEN

Frank stepped from the car and pulled his shotgun from the seat. He fumbled in his pocket for shells. He brought out three shells, slipped one into the shotgun, jerked the breech guide back and let it slam shut. He slipped two more shells into the magazine. He began walking toward the river.

The wind whipped across the wide river, turning it into shifting glints of light. A shiver ran through Frank and he laughed.

The river lay before him, gray from the dark and cloudy sky. He looked across the river where the other bank blended with the hills. He turned and looked upstream where the river turned. It spread out a mile from shore to shore.

HE BEGAN walking carefully through the brush. He leaned from the thick willows to see if any ducks were sitting along the bank. He saw two mallards swimming close to some driftwood, back from the force of the wind.

He pulled back and began circling up the bank to where the two ducks were. He stopped and waited until he quit trembling. He started again.

He peeped over the edge. The drake quacked in surprise and took wing. Frank pulled up and fired at the drake as the hen mallard flew off in the other direction. The drake pirouetted, fell, and splashed into the water as Frank fired at the hen. The hen's wing flopped back. She plummeted into the water.

FRANK ROLLED up his pants, jerked off his boots, and stockings. He waded into the stinging, chilling water and grabbed the drake. The hen flopped without direction until Frank grabbed her from the water. He spun her body by the head until her neck gave. Her body vibrated, then stopped.

Frank slipped back to the bank and put his boots and stockings over his wet legs. He didn't notice the cold until he was in the weeds, lying quietly. He reloaded his gun and waited.

The time dragged away for an hour. He smoked a cigarette and watched the gray sky.

THEN HE

saw a wave of geese coming. They came close. They flew near. They were almost in then wheeled. They drifted back over the water. They were still out of gun range.

Frank slithered without being a gander stood on flapped his wings lay watching the dered if he shot from that distance thought they never giving him He decided to chance that he one out of three.

He wriggled pushed the wheel barrel. He clicked off. He set a little over the tripped the trigger times.

The geese exploded the water and swam with the wind.

FRANK DIDN'T

a long time. Not lay in the water. He didn't. He lay on the ground. He had never thought of all that would have had he not shot.

After a long time he picked up the duck. He walked to his car. He laid it at the ruff. He remembered the large, plump breasts glowing in the setting sun.

He unloaded. He pushed the shell from his pocket, and laid it on the seat. He drove off, still in self anguish. He would have waited.



Editor of Special Edition Jeff
Artist Arthur
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WASP'S NEST

es Green

Department pre-Edward's farcial the Spirit," this talent and ability. Fred Dixon, and eve a word of ur enjoyable pro-

ints in the play, ere a little des- a few move- a bit awkward, was lacking, but er efforts deserved

"PIRIT," a parlor relies mostly on ver conversation. from a seance dame Arcati, a rings the ghost of mine's first wife his present wife's biting conflict be- mine's two wives eat deal of humor cent.

kes, as Condo- red gestures and with precision, a saved him from ult moments. Dykes o his part with a rformance.

Jill Keyes, as Ruth Condo- mine, was precise, but inaud- ible occasionally during the first act. Her performance im- proved a great deal during the second and third acts.

LINDA GATTON played Ed- th, the maid, with excellence. Her performance was flawless, a work of precision, and an asset to the production.

Madame Arcati, played b y Violet Howard, was extravagant and flamboyant. Mrs. Howard's presentation of this character was delightful, but sometimes over-acted. Madame Arcati's appearance became a natural cue for laughter because of Mrs. Howard's efforts, which indicates the value of her per- formance.

Marilyn Thorpe, as Elvira, Condomine's first wife, was ethereal, pixish and mischiev- ous. Her expressions of delight at her pranks, her flowing movements, her moments of petulance, all executed with apparent ease, created an en- joyable and convincing char- acter.

LARRY SHARPE, as Dr. Bradman, portrayed his part

well and matter-of-factly. His gestures were good, his stage movements were fine, and his voice was within character un- til he reached the end of a sentence. The inflection seemed to go the wrong way, making one wonder whether he was de- livering a question or a state- ment.

Marla Herbig, as Mrs. Brad- nan, delivered her performance effectively.

Judging from the success of this production, one might well look forward to the Shakespeare play, "The Taming of the Shrew," in February.

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Rucker	15.3	39	14	15	92	
Skaife	10.8	19	27	17	65	
Stromer	9.7	20	18	23	58	
McIntyre	9.3	25	6	15	56	
Wallace	6.5	16	7	7	39	
Dahl	5.8	16	3	13	35	
Cox	5.5	14	5	11	33	
Jones	1.7	4	2	2	10	
Simpson	1.2	3	3	6	9	
Detrick	1.0	3	0	4	6	
Brown	0.0	0	0	0	0	
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Hawks Meet Boise JC Tomorrow Too

Coach Jim Rodgers and team will be shooting for their 76th and 77th regular season victories this weekend in four years of intercollegiate championship basketball as the Hawks host Boise JC in a dual return meeting. Game times: 8 p.m.

CBC beat Boise earlier in the season, 89-71 and 68-53, making it 20 times in their long non-conference rivalry with the Hawks holding a 14-6 edge. The Hawks also defeated Boise four times last year.

BYRON BECK hit 20 points the second night and 18 the first for 38 points. He tipped in 31 rebounds. The Hawks hit 45% that first game and 41% the second. Thus far in season play, the Hawks have averaged 40-50% in field percentage.

The Broncos lost by 18 and 15 point margins, but the Hawks had to work for them, capitalizing on free throws and rebounds.

A GOOD example of free throw domination was also displayed Tuesday night when North Idaho JC traveled to Pasco to play CBC. The Hawks came through with a 67-43 win. NIJC was doused earlier at Couer d'Alene by the Hawks 85-65.

Columbia Basin swished 17 out of 21 attempts at the free throw line for 81%. Rucker hit 4-6 and Skaife 4-4.

The free throws gained most during the 60 minute game-span in the first half, when NIJC committed 12 fouls, while CBC yielded just five. High-point man was John Rucker with 16 points on six field goals and four free throws.

At Idaho Frosh THE HAWKS posted their 5th straight win of the season last weekend in Moscow—returning home after dropping an 88-76 bomb on the Idaho Frosh.

Five CBC players hit in the double figures, connecting 45% from the field. Two Hawk starters—Stromer and Beck—fouled out midway through the second half, as officials blew whistles 46 times.

Idaho's Ahlin shot 20 points on five from the field and 10 from the free throw line.

IT HAS been proven by the chart that CBC is definitely a first half offensive scoring team. The point difference shows in the first half scoring margins from 15 to 24 points—in the second half CBC's opponents have tallied from 3 to 18 points more than Columbia Basin.

The chart changed after Tuesday night, however, with CBC trailing for the first time.

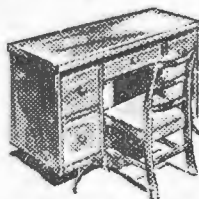
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FROM the DESK



OF ED GIRVAN
Collegiate Sports Editor

Columbia Basin College students as well as basketball players will notice at the game tonight that one major change has been introduced this season by the Tri-City Referees' Association.

The clock will stop on any violation, any whistle toot, and the referee has to handle the ball every time it goes to a team out-of-bounds, except after a basket.

THIS NEW ruling, in effect will make for longer games, probably no longer than 10 more minutes, however.

But it's hard to understand another timeout change that will be enforced by the officials. Now a player who has to retie his shoe lace or replace a displaced shoe has to ask permission to do so. And if he does, it is called a team timeout. It's no longer a referee's timeout.

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